



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

than a match for the Devil and Bonaparte, in his frequent engagements with them. I must here note for the benefit of our Irish showmen, that the latter important personage, is become an established character among the wooden *dramatis personæ*, in all polite exhibitions on the Continent of England, and a very great and admired addition he is to them.

Many of the ancients have been known to be fond of puns, and among them the elegant, the energetic, and classical Cicero held them in due reverence. The pun which he made on Julius Cæsar selling some estates, very much under their value, to Servilia the mother of Brutus (with whose daughter Tertia he intrigued with her connivance) is no less known than admired, and is thus related with deserved encomiums by the accurate Suetonius. "Cum quidem plerisque vilitatem mirantibus *facetissime* Cicero, *Quo melius*, inquit, emptum sciatis, *Tertia deducta est*;" the famous line also of his, which he valued above all his orations.

"*O Fortunatam natam me Consule Roman.*"

If it does not contain a pun, at least exhibits an excellent clench, which is a pun in embryo, or at farthest is of the pun family.

I would now wish to end this unequal contest with you sir, owning myself but a *puny* antagonist; and if you let it cease here, I promise to obtrude my advice on you no more. You will hesitate perhaps and say that mine is but a *punica fides*, but I assure you sir on the contrary you may rely on my being punctual to my word; and in order to farther confirm it, I shall be happy to meet you whenever you please, to terminate our dissension *more Hibernico optimo*, over a jug of punch.

I am Sir your obedient servant,
NEMS.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

If the following *Tour from Ballymena to Newtownlimavaddy*, can meet your approbation, you will oblige me by inserting it.

Impelled by an ardent curiosity, and in order to gratify a desire I

had for some time cherished; with a mind in a great measure unencumbered by care, untempered by passion, while the day was yet dubious, and my companions locked in the soft embraces of the soporiferous god. I arose one morning in summer last, and set off from Ballymena. Sometimes I was delighted to hear the little watchful dogs, that were shut up in the cottages which I passed, question me concerning my early ramble; sometimes observing the hare quietly cropping the tender blade in the corn fields, ere it should again resume its furze-crowned covert. Sometimes stopping to hear the shrill clarion of the cock, chirrupping his nodding harem: the sky lark's tuneful matins; or, inhale the redolent breezes of the morning.

Now the sun began to peep over the mountains of the east, and with slanting beams silver the dewy drops that were pendant on every leaf; here and there, the chimney of some lowly cabin, sent up its smoke in sinuous columns, to the cloudless cerulean vault of heaven. Nature in all her various departments wore the most benignant aspect;—the brute creation seemed to rejoice in having attained the summit of all possible happiness, while my heart was in unison with the happy creatures, and exulted in the prospect before me.

Immersed in such pleasing contemplations, the time passed insensibly away till I came to Clough, a little straggling village, in which I observed the ruins of an ancient monastery, of what order I could not learn, I was only informed, that it had once been of great extent, and was destroyed by fire; all that remains of it at present is an immensely thick wall, of a considerable length and height, through which there is a kind of arch, but whether it was at first designed as such, or frittered away by the corrosive tooth of Time, is not easy now to determine.

There is a pleasing solemnity steals on the mind while viewing the wreck of former ages. Perhaps here (said I) the male devotee sought to expiate the errors of his former years, by a formal, monotonous round of monkish austerities, or the pallid nun

"In single blessedness,
Chaunted cold hymns to the pale, lifeless
noon."

Those scenes have long since passed; now, "the thistle shakes its lonely head, and the moss whistles to the wind."

Two miles further stands Cloughmills, a village similar to the former. Here, on the convenient cabins, which their industrious forefathers had reared by the labour of the loom, the sign post creaked to the blast, and ale, spirits, &c. held conspicuous stations: here the meagre, thin clad debauchee, staggered sullenly home, as if ashamed to be seen by his sober neighbours; and heard without emotion, the pitiable complaint of the wretched mendicants who solicits his charity, and thronged its street. These are thy victims thou demon of dissipation! this woman and her starving family, had once a husband, and a father whose heart was kind, sympathetic, commiserative, but by indulging in thy Circean draught, in time did relegate from his heart all the finer feelings of his nature; tore himself from the arms of an unhappy family, rendered so, by his debauchery and improvidence; enlisted in the army, and left them unprotected in a selfish and apathetic world. Yonder old man after spending the better part of his life in thoughtless intemperance, is now reduced to the cruel necessity of bearing the bitter taunts of persons little disposed to succour him; and to subsist on the miserable pittance of his more compassionate fellow creatures. Think, ah think, my countrymen! what a load of misery might be removed by bestowing on such wretches; what you would spend in the excesses of a single night; say not, they are, undeserving; infallibility and conscience is the portion of but few; their haggard looks, and tattered weeds, plainly indicate their misery, and loudly appeal to your humanity; and by whatever occurrences they are thus reduced, they are still objects of your compassion. But I shall leave such shocking pictures, and pursue my journey.

Onward a few miles I was shown an ancient burying ground, of per-

sons whose names have long been lost in oblivion, and whose remains were envied the possession of a little spot, which by the number of large stones, placed as "rude memorials," was yet held tenable from the obtrusions of the plough. Perhaps, said I, as I walked among those humble tumuli, the day will yet come, when the halo which encircles the names of the ambitious mortals, who now embroil the world, shall have dissolved in air, and they be happy (if it were possible) to exchange situations with the unknown tenants of these silent graves: a tear moistened my cheek, while a *sic transit gloria mundi*, dropt intuitively from my lips. Near this is a spot where an obstinate battle had been once fought between two ancient Irish families, but which of these were the victors, or the vanquished, can hardly now be ascertained.

After walking a few lonely miles, through a barren tract of country, I was happy in observing, I had arrived in a more fertile, and better cultivated spot, interspersed with a number of charming seats, and beautiful plantings; an hour or two more brought me to Dervock, a small town, built by the late Earl Macartney, which consists of one long street, but from the uniformity of its houses, the eye of the traveller is fatigued before he reaches the end of it. Here I rested for the night, and on the morning set off accompanied by a friend, to see the Giant's Causeway. It were unnecessary to describe the country thither, as I could observe little worth remarking; at length I was agreeably surprized, to find myself all at once on the coast, and impatiently asked my companion, where lay this celebrated mole, that had been the wonder of former ages? We descended a romantic moss-covered hill, and about half way down, he showed me a well of fine spring water, which issued from the interstices of three stones, sunk a little below the surface, and shaped, like those of the Causeway.

We followed the track, and a few minutes more brought us to this curious specimen of the tasteful, and regular, in the inanimate works of

nature: herein lies the principal charm. She that before delighted in the wild, the bold, the negligent, now assumes the minute, the artful, and the methodical. There are three accessible circular eminences, beyond which nature, as if ashamed of deviating from her general plan, continues her workings, amid the waters of the mighty deep, beyond the prying observation of the curious.

These eminences are each composed of stones, of different colours and hardness, which are in general of a pentagonal shape, set on their ends, and are about a foot over, and sometimes six or eight feet in length, each standing on the top of other stones, which to render more stable, are either convex or concave, and as closely joined and fitted, as if done by art; the appearance is more magnificent, by the rude dashing of the waves, which beat around the base of these little hills, where after having spent their idle rage in vain, they retire grumbling at their disappointment.

Two miles further stands the ruins of Dunluce castle, built on an isolated abrupt rock, which seems to have been torn from the adjoining hill, by some convulsion of nature; to this hill it had been joined by a bridge about 18 feet long, over a chasm of 60 feet deep: all that remains at present of this bridge, is one of its walls, about 18 inches broad, and rather rugged; beyond this there is an area of 400 feet in length, and 60 in breadth, forming two spacious courts, which had once been a range of offices, barracks, or possibly both; this pile of ruins is striking beyond description; from its situation (hanging upwards of 200 feet above the level of the sea) and from its size, it is impossible to view so great a mass falling into ruins, and not become melancholy; the mind naturally looks back through "the dark postern of time long elapsed," when those walls which now afford shelter to the rat and the weasel, resounded to the dinsome clang of arms, and enclosed an host of warriors, terrible in all the adjacent country. Echo, which had oft been awaked, by the convivial song, or the mellifluous tones of the harp, now, only reverberates the

mournful screams of the owl, or the murmurs of the waves below.

We next visited another natural curiosity, called round Gilbert; this resembles a cauldron about 20 feet across the mouth, and 60 deep, at the bottom of which, there is a small aperture on the sea side, through which the waves enter with dreadful impetuosity while the tide flows, and leave the bottom bare, when they recede from the land.

From hence I proceeded to Cole-raine, a handsome and cleanly town, beautifully situated on the river Bann, over which there is a neat wooden bridge, that may be seen from almost either ends of its principal street, which falls on both sides to the river, in a gently sloping descent, and adds much to its beauty. This is a borough, post, and market town, and with the surrounding liberty, is governed by a Mayor, who decides all its petty litigations, but though it is almost wholly situated on the county Antrim side of the river, Londonderry is its assize town. There are some handsome public buildings, and a public library of well selected, useful, and entertaining books; the inhabitants are civil, courteous, and polite.

I staid here till the morning, and thence bent my course to Newtownlimavaddy, but after walking three or four miles, I espied Downhill-house, and that I might omit nothing worth observing, I walked aside to visit it; it is an august pile of building, erected by the late Bishop of Derry, on a bold rocky shore, commanding a sublime prospect of the Deucalionian sea: here the grounds, the house, every room, displays striking mementos of the elegant taste of the late owner; and the stranger would suppose, that architecture, statuary and painting, had each exhausted their several beauties, while each seemed to challenge the palm for itself. On the extreme edge of the rock, is built a circular temple, in which is kept a most extensive library, stored with works of the best authors, in almost every language.

From hence I traversed a charming variety of hills and vallies, till I caught the checuring prospect of

a beautiful champaign country, embosomed in hills, and thickly studded with elegant seats; on the right hand I beheld the sea, and on the left some stupendous mountain scenery, in original wildness, mocking the sturdy efforts of labour, and forming a striking contrast with the finely cultivated country to which I was descending.

The mind naturally dilates itself, on such happy prospects being presented to the view; here the peasantry, from their more moderate toil, and from the salubrious situation of the country, appeared more hale and robust, than in most other places through which I passed, and the soil from being of a fine sandy substance, has a rich and exuberant appearance. I could not help thinking that the minds of men assimilate themselves, to the nature of the country which they inhabit: if this is sterile and mountainous, those are blunt and adventurous; if rich and fertile they are gentle and contented; nor need we travel to France and Switzerland to adjust this remark; we have only to look a few miles around us, and be fully satisfied on the subject.

Newtownmavaddy is a handsome little town, built generally of brick, of which there are some exceeding good houses, its principal street is straight and spacious, the river Roe describes a kind of semicircle on its western side, and on its banks are some of the most picturesque landscapes I have ever seen. Its inhabitants have an easy politeness which is very agreeable, the greater number of whom, instead of spending their leisure hours in idle frivolity; cultivate musick, painting, &c. or recreate their minds in pointing out to each other, the several beauties of Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, &c. while some of them have "Waked the strong divinity of soul," and produced works highly creditable to themselves.

I understand that a respectable lady of this place, means to favour the public with a volume of poems (now nearly printed) which are highly spoken of in the circles where elegant taste and correct judgment prevail. It is wished they may

meet the warm expectations entertained of them by the enlightened people of this country.

I staid here a few days, and returned by Garvagh, Kilrea, &c. but as this route has been already well described in a former number, I shall not trouble you with a repetition; I am, gentlemen, yours, &c. S. Ballymena.

To a Proprietor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

TO a traveller of taste, the beauties of nature cannot but be interesting, and we should feel thankful to those who endeavour to picture to our minds, what our eye has not seen. Yet the gratitude is rather due to the intention, than to the execution; for every man's own experience will be sufficient to prove to him the absolute insufficiency of the most accurate verbal description to convey a just idea of nature's scenic beauties. A lively eloquent description may present some ideas, but they are, compared with the ideas of the narrator, feeble and indistinct, and most probably seldom, if ever, corresponding with the original of the verbal portrait. Books of travels therefore, or descriptions of the wonders of nature or art, should, it would appear, be sparing of dwelling much in words, on what may be much more easily "presented to the mind, by being subjected to the faithful eyes," through engraving. An occasional dilatation on a favourite view, or an attempt at communicating to the reader, what the writer has *really* felt, is allowable; but surely it will be unanimously allowed, that the turgid declamation in common-place language, on common-place topics, incessantly repeated, deserves to be spurned with disgust. This disgusting excess of the descriptive seems to originate in an attempt to supply by declamation, barrenness of incident. In the present state of civilization in Europe, a man of common sense might travel in the most provoking security, from one end of the Continent to the other, and if he be a man of truth, he will find himself driven to the hills, and dales, and precipices, and statues, and paintings,